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there is something wanting, and we leave it with the feeling that if the artist had devoted less time to making a portrait and more to making a picture good and strong in color, he would have produced a work much more satisfactory and pleasing.

"A View from Lonskanach, Kerry, Ireland," by A. N. Wyant. Here is a picture in strong contrast to Mr. Lawrie's "Early Autumn"; good in color and far from careless in drawing. There is a feeling of naturalness and truth about it which is eminently satisfactory. Mr. Wyant is a rising and rapidly improving artist, his pictures are all marked by a truthfulness to nature and a mode of color which renders them altogether excellent. The present work presents all his characteristics; low, but rich in tone, the general effect [of atmosphere] admirable; while the sweep of the down coming clouds is particularly fine.

"Hester Prun and Little Pearl," by Geo. H. Boughton. An admirable painted scene from Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," treated with a delicacy of feeling and sentiment which is exquisite. The sad, sorrow-stricken expression on the face of Hester, the gleeful unconsciousness of Little Pearl, who cannot understand the looks of contempt and pity of the villagers, the villagers themselves, strict, puritanical looking New Englanders are all admirable, and stamp Mr. Boughton as an artist of a high order of merit.

"Dana's Beach, Cape Ann," by S. R. Gifford. I know of but few artists whose work can impress the feeling of almost reverence, which Gifford's convey; there is a certain strength and richness of coloring in all his pictures which few of our artists seem to have attained, and although we have amongst us many fine painters, Gifford stands preeminently the greatest landscape painter of the age. His "Dana's Beach" is one of the finest pictures we have had from his easel in some time, there is a feeling of loneliness and space about it which is very fine, while the tone of the distant water and sky is simply admirable—one feels almost annihilated and utterly insignificant in the presence of this mighty expanse of water which plays around our feet in tranquil mood, its very repose adding to its grandeur. The picture is in Mr. Gifford's best style, full of rich, warm color, and those many beauties and delicacies of treatment and handling for which he is so justly celebrated.

"Osselets," by Joseph Coomans. A most exquisite *genre* picture; the flesh painting is particularly admirable.

"Writing to Papa," by Edwin White. One of Mr. White's pretty conceits; good in color, and well and strongly painted.

"A Study from Nature, in New Hampshire," by Wm. S. Sonntag. Possessing many good points, but over all looms the unfortunate hard, ironlike feeling which characterizes all Mr. Sonntag's work.

Next week I hope to review, at length, the large and interesting collection of water colors on exhibition at the Academy.

Mr. H. Balling has on exhibition at the Derby Gallery a large picture which he calls the "Heroes of the Republic," comprising portraits of all the eminent generals of the late war. As a great work of art Mr. Balling's picture can hardly

be called a success, it is not sufficiently strong in color, and in many cases the drawing is faulty, but as an admirable collection of well painted portraits of America's great heroes, it is worthy of all praise, and should command the attention of all patriotic Americans as a fitting monument to the glory of our noble defenders.

Homer and Benson leave for Europe on the 25th of the present month, and on Saturday evening of last week a collection of their works was sold at the Leeds Art Gallery, the pictures in most cases bringing good prices. Messrs. Homer and Benson are artists of decided merit, and although their presence among us will be greatly missed, they will still bear the good wishes of the art community with them on their voyage.

I am happy to learn that, at length, we are to have a regularly organized water color society in this country; the formation of such a society has long been wanted, and the present exhibition of the Artist's Fund Society seems to have roused our artists to the proper pitch of enthusiasm on the subject. Among the members of the new society are S. Colman, W. Hart, Burling, Craig and several other artists of distinction. May all success attend them in their good endeavors!

PALETTA.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"THE LOST BEAUTY." Published by T. B. PETERSON & BROS.

Among the painters of manners, the best, without doubt, are the Spanish writers, and the present novel comes up well to the national characteristic; the characters are strongly drawn, and possess an astonishing amount of naturalness and truth. The plot is weak and disagreeable, but this fault is made amends for by the excellent character painting. The book is awkwardly translated, too many of the Spanish idioms being retained to make the perusal pleasant to an English reader; notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the "Lost Beauty" will be read with interest as a life-like picture of Spanish society and character.

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

DOMENICO DAL GHIRLANDAJO.

Born 1451, died 1495.

Domenico dal Ghirlandajo was employed in the Sistine Chapel, but he was then young, and of his two pictures there one only remains, the Calling of St. Peter and St. Andrew—so inferior to his later productions, that we do not recognize here the hand of him who became afterwards one of the greatest and most memorable painters of his time.

Domenico Corradi, or Bigordi, was born at Florence in 1451, and was educated by his father, for his own profession, that of a goldsmith. In this art he acquired great skill, and displayed in his designs uncommon elegance of fancy. He was the first who invented the silver ornaments in the form of a wreath or garland (*Ghirlanda*), which became a fashion with the Florentine women, and from which he obtained the name of Ghirlandajo, or *Grillandajo*, as it is sometimes

written. At the age of four-and-twenty he quitted the profession of goldsmith, and became a painter. While employed in his father's workshop he had amused himself with taking the likeness of all the persons he saw, so rapidly, and with so much liveliness and truth, as to astonish every one. The exact drawing and modelling of forms, the inventive fancy exercised in his mechanical art, and the turn for portraiture, are displayed in all his subsequent productions. These were so many in number, so various in subject, and so admirable, that only a few of them can be noticed here. After he returned from Rome his first work was the painting of a chapel of the Vespucci family, in the church of Ognissanti (All Saints), in which he introduced, in 1485, the portrait of Amerigo Vespuccio, the Navigator, who afterwards gave his name to a new world.

Ghirlandajo painted a chapel for a certain Florentine citizen, Francesco Sassetti, in the church of the Trinita. Here he represented the whole life of Francesco's patron saint, St. Francis, in a series of pictures, full of feeling and dramatic power. As he was confined to the popular histories and traditions, which had been treated again and again by successive painters, and in which it was necessary to conform to certain fixed and prescribed rules, it was difficult to introduce any variety in the conception. Yet he has done this simply by the mere force of expression. The most excellent of these frescoes is the Death of St. Francis, surrounded by the monks of his order, in which the aged heads, full of grief, awe, resignation, are depicted with wonderful skill. At the foot of the bier is an old bishop chanting the litanies, with spectacles on his nose, which is the earliest known representation of these implements, then recently invented. On one side of the picture is the kneeling figure of Francesco Sassetti, and on the other Madonna Nera, his wife. All these histories of St. Francis are engraved in Lasinio's "Early Florentine Masters," as are also the magnificent frescoes in the choir of Santa Maria Novella, his greatest work. This he undertook for a generous and public-spirited citizen of Florence, Giovanni Tornabuoni, who agreed to repair the choir at his own cost, and, moreover, to pay Ghirlandajo one thousand two hundred gold ducats for painting the walls in fresco, and to add two hundred more if he were well-satisfied with the performance.

Ghirlandajo devoted four years to his task. He painted on the right-hand wall the history of St. John the Baptist, and on the left various incidents from the life of the Virgin. One of the most beautiful represents the Birth of the Virgin. Female attendants, charming graceful figures, are aiding the mother or intent on the new-born child; while a lady, in the elegant costume of the Florentine ladies of that time, and holding a handkerchief in her hand, is seen advancing, as if to pay her visit of congratulation. This is the portrait of Ginevra de' Benci, one of the loveliest women of the time. He has introduced her again as one of the attendants in the Visit of the Virgins to St. Elizabeth. In the other pictures he has introduced the figures of Lorenzo de' Medici, Poliziano, Demetrio Greco, Marsilio Ficino, and other celebrated persons (of whom there are notices in Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici"), besides his own portrait, and those of many other persons of that time.

The idea of crowding these sacred and mystical subjects with portraits of real persons and representations of familiar objects may seem, on first

view, shocking to the taste, ridiculous anachronisms, and destructive of all solemnity and unity of feeling. Such, however, is not the case, but the reverse. In the first place, the sacred and ideal personages are never portraits from nature, and are very loftily conceived in point of expression, and significance. In the second place, the *real* personages introduced are seldom or never actors, merely attendants and spectators in events which may be conceived to belong to all time, and to have no especial locality; and they have so much dignity in their aspects, the costumes are so picturesque, and the grouping is so fine and imaginative, that only the coldest and most pedantic critic could wish them absent.

When Ghirlandajo had finished this grand series of pictures, his patron, Giovanni Tornabuoni, declared himself well pleased; but, at the same time, expressed a wish that Ghirlandajo would be content with the sum first stipulated, and forego the additional two hundred ducats. The high-minded painter, who esteemed glory and honor much more than riches, immediately withdrew his claims, saying that he cared far more to have satisfied his employer than for any amount of payment.

Besides his frescoes, Ghirlandajo painted many easel pictures in oil and distemper. There is one of great beauty in the Louvre—the Visitation (1022), about four feet in height. But the subject he most frequently repeated was the Adoration of the Magi. In the Florentine Gallery are two pictures of this subject; another of a circular form, which had been painted for the Tornabuoni family, was in the collection of Lucien Bonaparte. In the Munich Gallery there is one picture by Ghirlandajo, and in the Museum at Berlin there are six; one of them a beautiful portrait of a young girl of the Tornabuoni family, whom he has also introduced into his frescoes.

It may be said, on the whole, that the attention of Ghirlandajo was directed less to the delineation of form than to the expression of his heads, and the imitation of life and nature as exhibited in feature and countenance. He also carried the mechanical and technical part of his art to a perfection it had not before attained. He was the best colorist in fresco who had yet appeared, and his colors have stood extremely well to this day.

Another characteristic which renders Ghirlandajo very interesting as an artist was his diligent and progressive improvement; every successive production was better than the last. He was also an excellent worker in mosaic, which, from its durability, he used to call "*painting for eternity*."

To his rare and various accomplishments as an artist, Ghirlandajo added the most amiable qualities as a man—qualities which obtained him the love as well as the admiration of his fellow-citizens. He was, says Vasari, "the delight of the age in which he lived." He was still in the prime of life and in the full possession of conscious power—so that he was heard to wish they would give him the walls all round the city to cover with frescoes—when he was seized with sudden illness, and died, at the age of forty-four, to the infinite grief of his numerous scholars, by whom he was interred, with every demonstration of mournful respect, in the church of Santa Maria Novella, in the year 1495. His two brothers, Davide and Benedetto, were also painters, and assisted him in the execution of his great works; and his son, RIDOLFO GHIRLANDAJO, became afterwards an excellent artist, but he belongs to a later period.

Ghirlandajo formed many scholars; among them was the great Michael Angelo. Contemporary with Ghirlandajo lived an artist, memorable for having aided with his instructions both Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. This was ANDREA VEROCCHIO (born 1432, died 1488), who was a goldsmith, and sculptor in marble and bronze, and also a painter, though in painting his works are few and little known. He drew admirably, and is celebrated through the celebrity of the artists formed in his school. Among them was Lionardi da Vinci. He is said to have been the first who took casts in plaster from life as aids in the study of form. In the collection of Miss Rogers, the sister of the poet, there is a portrait in profile, by Verocchio, of a Florentine lady of rank, rather hard and severe in the execution and drawing, yet with a certain simple elegance—a look of high breeding—which is very striking.

THE DYKEHAMBURY CONCERT.

I.

"Go into society! Of course he won't, yet. Why, the old man has scarcely been dead six months, and it isn't two since the poor lads were drowned in the Dike—a lucky chance for him."

"That's no matter. Mr. Hugh Carton is not a near relative. Where they fished him up from, no one can tell. And then he has an invalid sister."

"To whom he is very good."

This was from an elderly bachelor who was grim and testy, but whose testiness no one minded much. He took snuff as he said it; he also struck his cane into the carpet savagely, as though that had been the speaker, and wanted putting down.

"And I should like to know what man, worthy the name, wouldn't be good to an invalid sister," persisted this gentleman.

"Of course, Mr. Crane, of course. But then she is an invalid, you know, which might be against—"

"Her brother's dancing attendance on a bevy of music-mad young ladies, and screaming up to B flat," said Mr. Crane, pulling a face. "Well, I don't pretend to be musical, and I have already been introduced to Mr. Carton. I should say that he is not musical either. Sorry to disappoint you."

The three Misses Grafton looked at each other and smiled. The parish of Dykewood was eminently a musical parish. It was about to take part in a grand amateur concert, to which everybody for miles round was expected to come, and its great desideratum had long been a good tenor. Baritones there were in plenty, and these had to be pressed into tenor service; but they were thin, for the most part, like *vin ordinaire*; and besides, they could not take the high notes. Now, a real tenor, after the fashion of Mario or Sims Reeves, was the thing wanted; therefore, from Mr. Hugh Carton's somewhat thin brown cheeks, moustaches, long hair, and general foreign appearance, it had been suggested as not impossible that he might supply the deficiency.

"At any rate," said Miss Grafton, "we will not take him at your valuation, Mr. Crane."

"No one expects you to do so, young ladies," retorted Mr. Crane. "The proof of the pudding—but I forgot, that's vulgar. Listen, however, to an old fogie. I venture to predict—nay, I would lay a small wager that the concourse of you—Graftons, Hetheringtons, Wilsons, every one—don't extract five consecutive words from

the taciturn gentleman. I couldn't; and I talked about top-dressing, and the crops, and the game laws—all that would naturally interest a country gentleman. I don't believe myself that he knows what it is he has come into. The only time I succeeded in attracting his attention for a moment, was when I spoke of that poor Mrs. Wynne, who lives over there, you know, almost inside his park. I suppose it was because she is a cripple, like his sister." Again the young ladies smiled.

"Ay," said Mr. Crane, "laugh if you will, ladies. I dare say, you think a crusty old fellow like me wouldn't be very likely to entertain this new lion; but you may be mistaken. Why, he's thirty-five if he's a day, and the grey hairs are coming."

"His voice will be in its prime, Mr. Crane," said the ladies.

"His voice! his voice!" exclaimed Mr. Crane; "as if a human being were nothing but a mechanical contrivance for emitting sound. And," he added, softly, "the man has known sorrow."

He got up to go as he spoke, and the girls shook hands with him good-humoredly enough, for he was not so sour as he seemed, and in spite of his caustic speeches, he was rather a favorite amongst them.

Meantime the object of these remarks was walking about the lawn of Dykewood Park with a cigar in his mouth; a tall muscular man, with a rather worn brown face, and eyes that would have struck a stranger as having a pitiful, hunted look in them at times. When his possessions became a reality to him, instead of appearing like a dream, from which he was afraid every moment of awaking, this wore off; but at present he could hardly believe that fortune, adverse to him from childhood, had suddenly turned upon him her pleasant smiles.

There were gardeners at work in the shrubberies and amongst the flower-beds; and as his eye fell upon them, Mr. Carton stood still with a sudden wonder at the thought that these men were his servants, and would look to him for payment. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked out into the west, where the sky was one blaze of gold and red. The light fell on hill and dale in fitful gleams; it touched the tree-tops, and picked out bits here and there of the winding river to make it glisten like silver. The scene grew dim before Mr. Carton's eyes. He saw instead a miserable lodging under a foreign sky, where a gaunt man cowered at night over the stove, whose supply of charcoal was scanty. He saw this man rising up in the morning, sometimes hopeful, to be beaten back again from time to time, till hope was almost dead within him; then he saw this same man, but changed a little, for better days had begun, and his genius was making its way tardily, a newspaper was in his hand, and one finger rested on an advertisement. His breath came in painful gasps, his face grew gradually paler until—

Mr. Carton started, for one of the workmen stood before him touching his hat, and asking instructions respecting certain trees which he thought should be cut down to improve the view. Mr. Carton could have laughed aloud at the incongruity of the thing, but he restrained himself, and gave his orders quietly.

"I might be the country squire in a farce," he said to himself; "I feel like playing at being a rich man. Pleasant play, though! Ah, I am thankful it didn't come too late."

He flung down his cigar, and walked quickly towards the house. He passed the wide stone